

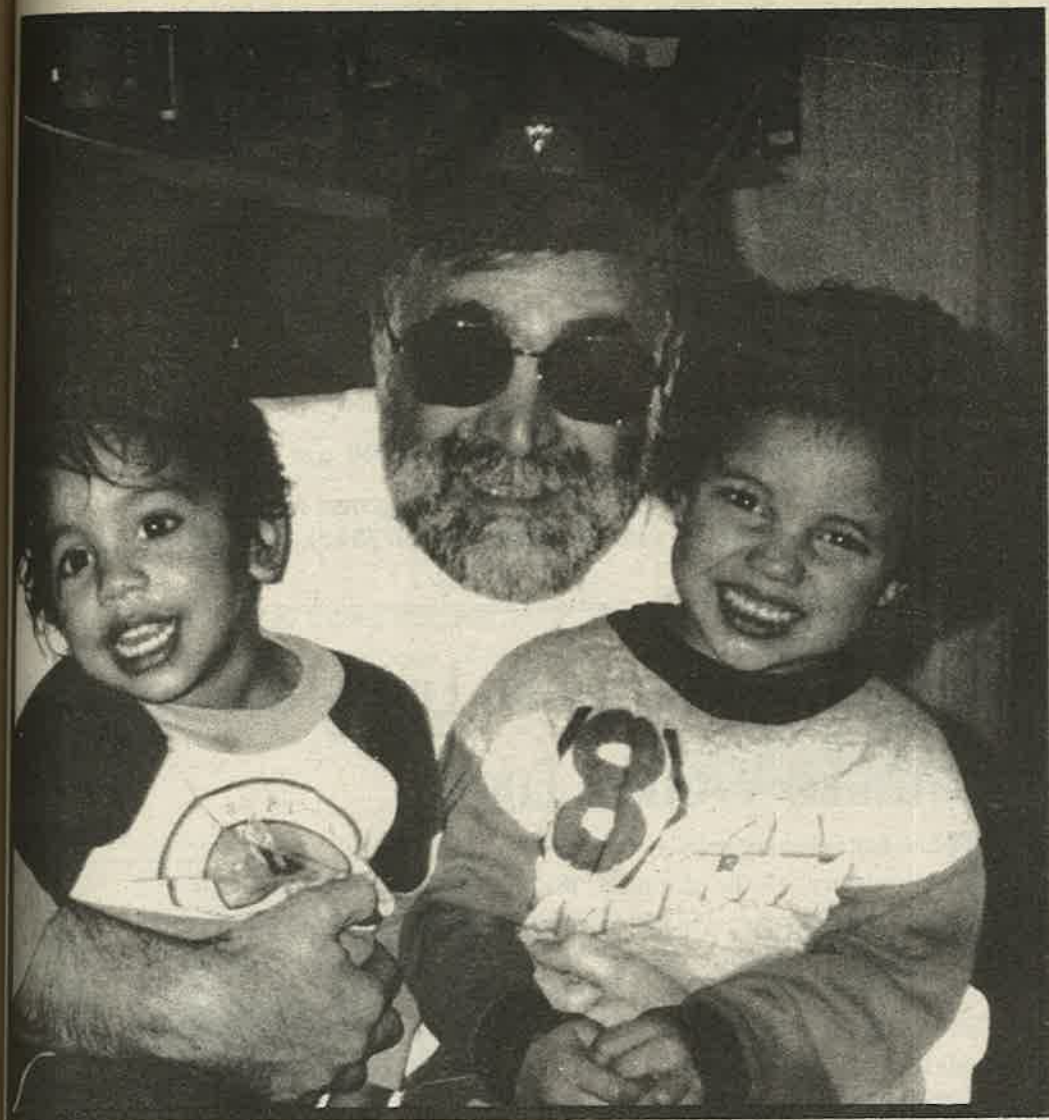
via pacis

Newsletter of the Des Moines Catholic Worker Community

Volume 17, Number 1

Spring 1993





Fr. Frank with DMCW Community members Jordan (left) and Joshua (right).

What's Happening

by Fr. Frank Cordaro

Dear Friends,
Greetings from the Des Moines Catholic Worker (DMCW) community! Somehow your name has been added to the 'new' and 'improved' *via pacis* (v.p.) mailing list. Perhaps you were on my Prison Support mailing list last fall or maybe you received v.p. a year or two past. In any case, welcome to the extended family and support system of the DMCW community.

About this issue of *via pacis*

This issue of v.p. is long overdue. With this issue, we hope to re-establish the v.p. as a regular newsletter and support organ for the DMCW community. Like every Catholic Worker, the DMCW has had its shares of ups and downs in its 16-year history. The last couple of years have been particularly rough on the community. Some months, mere survival was all that could be managed. In the process, getting the v.p. out was put on the back burner. With the help of many good folks, we hope to get back to the schedule of publishing six issues a year.

The Mailing List:

After my release from the Yankton S.D. Federal Prison Camp last November, I volunteered to help get the v.p. going

again. I took on the chore of reassembling the mailing list. This was no small task as the list suffered from neglect and a loss of names during numerous attempts at computerization. With the help of my computer, its data base program and the expert computer advice from Rusty Martin, a former DMCW, we've managed to put together a workable mailing list.

Yet, I'm sure there are mailing labels that are no longer deliverable or have only partial or incorrect information on them. In reassembling the list, there were many names and addresses with insufficient information. **If the information on your label is incorrect, please drop us a line with the correct information. If you would like to be taken off our mailing list, please notify us and you will be dropped.**

This Issue's Editors and Lay Out People:

Beth Preheim and Michael Sprong have offered to edit and lay out this issue of v.p. Michael is a former DMCW community member. Mike met Beth at the Community for Creative Nonviolence in Washington, D.C. in 1985. They have been partners ever since. Over the years they have lived in several Catholic Worker settings. They have been married for five years and are living in Marion, S.D. They have

edited several movement and prison publications in the last couple years, considering this work to be part of their contribution to the Peace Movement. Many of you will know them by the fine effort they put into editing and laying out my recent monthly newsletter from prison camp. They are ideally suited for this task, and we are grateful for their generous offer.

Kids, Hospitality and the D.M. Catholic Worker Community

Much has changed since I was living at the DMCW. The biggest difference has been the addition of children to the community. For more than five years there have been children under the age of ten living in the community. Most of the time they have outnumbered adults in the community. Parenting these days is a challenge in the best of situations. Add to that the demands and the environment surrounding a Catholic Worker and you've got to be a little crazy and abundantly graced to pull it off. In her article in this issue of v.p., Carla Dawson introduces you to the kids in the community. They are the community's richest asset. I love visiting them every time I'm in Des Moines.

Recently, the community started doing more long-term hospitality in the three houses. They still provide some space

for emergency shelter; but not nearly as much as they used to. This new focus allows each house to take on more of the characteristics of being a home and not just a shelter. After being so under-staffed, this new arrangement is working out very well. One of the benefits from the community's decision to do more long-term hospitality is that it provides a more stable environment for the kids.

Currently, Carla is living in Lazarus House with her three kids; Jeff Tedder is living in Ligutti House with his three kids; and Norman Searah is living in Bishop Dingman House.

Wendy was married November 7 to Antonio Vasquez Palma, who has been living at the Catholic Worker since his arrival in Des Moines in 1990. Wendy is still at Greyhound where she has been working since June as a baggage handler. They and the kids are now living on 12th Street just up from Sr. Stella.

It is the unusual combination of raising children and doing hospitality that makes the DMCW one of the most 'radical' Catholic Worker communities in the country. It certainly is one of the most hopeful.

Brethren Volunteers

The DMCW has also been blessed with a number of Brethren Volunteers (BVs) over the years. In this issue there are "goodbye articles" by Shel Eller and Michael Poergen. Both spend the last year at the DMCW. Shel left in December for Portland, Oregon, and Michael left in February to return home to Germany. Both were welcome additions to the community and will be missed. Michael promised to line up a speaking tour for me in Germany this fall. That's a promise I will hold him to.

Also in this issue you'll find an article by Janice Baker (a BV who has been in the community for five months), as well as articles from Jessica Barnhill, Liz Richardson and Andrea Loeffelholz: BVs who just arrived at the DMCW this last month. These folks have been 'life-savers' for the DMCW. The community is blessed by their presence.

Update on the Catholic Peace Ministry (CPM)

In this issue we introduce you to Michael McHugh. Mike gives us an update on CPM. Mike is CPM's staff-person and is living at the Dingman House. Since the Diocese kicked CPM out of the Chan-

cery and pulled all its funding, they have been running on a shoe-string budget. The DMCW is happy to be offering Mike living space, our contribution to the CPM effort.

Since CPM is no longer beholden to the Diocese for its funding and direction (and although CPM is poorer), it is now free to address some of the justice concerns regarding internal Church issues. I'm looking forward to hearing Maureen Fiedler from "Catholics Speak Out" in Des Moines in May, a CPM-sponsored event.

Diocese Pulls Plug on Non-profit Mail Permit

CPM is not the only group no longer well received in the Diocese. Unlike his predecessor, Bishop William Bullock has shown no sympathy for the DMCW community. When he first came to the diocese, he turned down numerous invitations to visit the Catholic Worker. When we pressed for an explanation, we were told the Bishop would not be coming to the CW because he felt he had no control over our "orthodoxy."

In preparing to mail this issue of v.p., we were told we were no longer welcome to use the diocesan non-profit bulk mailing permit. This has always been a gray area for the DMCW. It was primarily out of financial considerations and the generosity of Bishop Dingman that we accepted the use of the diocese's mailing permit for our v.p. mailings.

Use of the non-profit permit was not in complete accordance with the Catholic Worker's "personalist" position. And Dorothy Day was very clear about not wanting to be financially beholden to the Cardinal and the people who worked in the NYC Archdiocesan Chancery. Dorothy understood that without any financial ties to the institutional Church, the N.Y. CW community could be free to look to the Cardinal as their spiritual Father and nothing more.

Starting with this issue, we will be using our own bulk mailing permit. In keeping with the CW's spirit of personalism, we will continue to refuse to seek a non-profit status. This change in mailing status means it will cost twice as much to mail v.p. This may be a blessing over the long haul. Like CPM, we might be a little poorer for the effort, but now we will be free to follow CW tradition without any unnecessary hierarchical interference.

Continued on p.2

Update on Fr. Frank, Friday Night Mass, Monthly Extended CW Community Meetings and via pacis

Since my ordination and 'exile' from Des Moines, I have continued to plug into the DMCW community on a regular basis as an extended community member and support person. For the last couple years, I have been coming to the DMCW on a monthly basis for Friday night mass.

I am currently in Council Bluffs, IA serving as the associate pastor for the very welcoming and generous faith community of St. Patrick's parish. I'm also working 'for' and 'with' Msgr. Ed Pfeffer, a great pastor and good friend. It's a good assignment. Still, I would prefer to be closer to my family and the CW in Des Moines, but that possibility seems unlikely given the prevailing winds in the Church in Des Moines.

Since my release from prison camp last November, I have committed to taking on a more

active role in working with the DMCW community. I'm very grateful for the opportunity to plug back into the DMCW community. It is my second family and spiritual home.

We will continue to schedule monthly Friday night mass at Dingman House. As part of our reinvigoration effort, we hope to expand this to a weekly or every other week Friday night as soon as we can line up enough priests to join us.

We are also planning on scheduling a monthly extended community meeting in Des Moines as an ongoing support and help for the 'live in' CW community. We invite other friends and supporters of the DMCW community to consider joining us for Friday night mass and extended community meetings. (See schedule of masses and meetings listed in *this and subsequent issues of v.p.*)

I invite you to be generous in your support and prayers for our efforts. The DMCW has a fine and long tradition, may we be blessed with many more years of service and witness.



via pacis

Newsletter of the Des Moines Catholic Worker Community

Bishop Dingman House 1310 - 7th St.
(515) 243-0765

Ligutti House 1301 - 8th St.

Lazarus House 1317 - 8th St.
(515) 246-1499

Community Members

Janice Baker
Jessica Barnhill
Carla Dawson and children:
Julius, Joshua, and Jordan
Andrea Loeffelholz
Liz Richardson
Norman Searah
Lori Smith
Jeff Tedder and children:
Jeffrey, Norma, and Sheila

Help with publishing via pacis comes from:

Fr. Frank Cordaro, Council Bluffs, IA
Beth Preheim and Michael Sprong, Rose Hill Farm,
Marion, SD

Schedule for Friday Mass and Saturday Extended Community Meetings

Friday Mass

April 16 - 7:30 pm

Catholic Worker 60th Anniversary Celebration

April 30 - 7:30 pm

May 28 - 7:30 pm

June 11 - 7:30 pm

July 16 - 7:30 pm

Saturday Community Meeting

April 17 - 8:00 am

May 1 - OPEN HOUSE

May 29 - 8:00 am

June 12 - 8:00 am

July 17 - 8:00 am

All masses and meetings will be held at Dingman House (1310 - 7th St.) but are subject to change of venue. Please call (515) 243-0765 to confirm.

The Bishop Dingman Living Memorial Catholic Worker Fund

This past February marked the one-year anniversary of the death of Bishop Maurice Dingman. As many *via pacis* readers know, Bishop Dingman was an enthusiastic supporter of the Des Moines Catholic Worker. Our main house is named in his honor.

Recently, there has been talk among the extended Catholic Worker family about creating an alternative memorial fund that would perpetuate the type of work that Bishop Dingman's life exemplified. We have decided upon founding the "Bishop Dingman Living Memorial Catholic Worker Fund." Monies contributed to this fund will be used to repair and maintain the three houses that make up the Des Moines Catholic Worker.

We asked Sr. Mary Dingman, Bishop Dingman's sister, if this would be alright. She expressed her support citing that when Bishop Dingman was alive, he used to tell people to "use him" for the causes and concerns he held so dear. She thought it most appropriate that the Catholic Worker community be able to "use" the Bishop's good name to raise funds to help with our work.

Projects needing urgent attention include: (but are not limited to!) the roof on Lazarus House, the plumbing in both Dingman and Lazarus Houses, water damage repair in all three houses, completion of a retaining wall and the construction of an additional bedroom.

To kick off the fund, our next-door neighbor and State Representative Ed Fallon has donated his \$1000 premium check from the State. (Ed refuses to accept these payments rather than have them return to the general pool of State funds, he has the payment earmarked for the "Dingman Living Memorial Fund.")

We could use your help in publicizing the fund, and we welcome any suggestion you might have in helping us get the word out about our needs. The houses do need some urgent attention!



Bishop Dingman on the line at St. Patrick's

The Challenge of Peace:

Ten Years After the U.S. Bishop's Peace Pastoral

A presentation and discussion with Maureen Feidler:

- Co-Director of the Quixote Center
- Coordinator of Catholics Speak Out
- member of Sisters of Loretto Religious Community
- board member of the Women's Ordination Conference.

DATE: Sunday, May 2, 1993

TIME: 7:00 pm

PLACE: Holy Trinity Catholic Church 2926 Beaver Ave., Des Moines

Sponsored by Catholic Peace Ministries, 4211 Grand Ave., Des Moines, IA 50315
(If the location of this event should change, contact CPM, 255-8114, or the Catholic Worker 243-0765.)



On the Comeback Trail

by Jeff Tedder

related to be writing an
for *via pacis* again.
There have been many
happening and a num-
changes since our last
I don't know which
important of all the
I feel a need to share
you, but I would like to
all of those who contin-
show support for our
community through their vari-
of kindness and gener-

hope that we can alleviate
concerns our supporters
friends share for the conti-
of the Catholic Worker
also maybe even develop a
bond with all of you. In
too distant past we
hoping to upgrade our
lists to a better system,
the process our diskettes
damages and we lost our
mailing list.

This is the reason *via pacis*
coming. This has also
our ability to keep work-
as a family. In the end,
the help and guidance of
Frank and some of his
friends, we have made it
this and a number of
I consider tests of our
in Christ and our love of
other and our sisters and
I personally feel clos-
to this community and
our supporters than I
anyone in my life.

It has been so long
printings there has
another major change I
need to go into. I don't
all the things that led up
near burnout, and I
think individually they
much weight, but the
effects were indeed
damaging.

By last June the only staff
we had full-time were Carla
and myself plus we had two
part-time Brethren volunteers,
Shel and Michael. This may
not sound all bad, but the
workload that was left was un-
bearable. With staffing the
houses, doing presentations,
picking up donations, writing
thank-yous, keeping up repairs
on houses and cars (ours and
our neighbors), and caring for
Carla's and my children we
were emotionally exhausted.

We ended up closing the
houses a number of times last
fall in an attempt to collect
ourselves and figure out a solu-
tion for the problems we were
having personally and collec-
tively. Most of these closings
were short in duration and
never really touched on the real
issues. Inevitably we had to
face our problems.

I feel the greatest problem
we were having after losing so
many friends and staff was the
stress of dealing with the prob-
lems of so many other people.
Seeing so many return guests
being homeless again and the
terrible feeling of hopelessness,
i.e. as hard as we tried, helped,
and worked with all these good
people, it just seemed we were
not doing any good or getting
anywhere. The houses were
always full and that creates our
most dreaded duty: having to
turn families away on a daily
basis, plus the fact that so
many families were returning
two to three times.

Some of us in a way blamed
ourselves to some extent for
being partly responsible for
enabling these families to be-
come dependent on the shelter
system. We also, to varying
degrees, were somehow drawn
into experiencing and feeling,
or suffering their same prob-

lems of living in despair and
self-pity, thus losing sight of
the real goals we had for our-
selves.

We had become stressed to
the point of a burnout. You
hear a lot of people telling of
situations like this saying you
have to leave your problems at
work, but this isn't a job, it's
our life.

So we had a series of meet-
ings with many of our support-
ers to reevaluate our goals. I
think we all took a very close
look at our faith in God,
Christ and also in our faith in
ourselves to do the right thing:
the best thing for those we
humbly try to serve.

Out of these meetings we
changed some of the ways we
serve people:

1) We no longer staff our
house the way we did. We are
trying to show our guests that
we trust them to do the right
thing for their family.

2) We also expect them to
put a lot more energy into their
efforts to be self-sufficient than
we did in the past and also take
some of the responsibilities for
the care of the house while

staying with us. These include
cleaning and other various
chores.

3) They also must work on a
daily basis toward some posi-
tive goal that they have set for
themselves.

4) We now set at least one
meeting per week between two
staff and the individual families
to discuss their progress, the
number per week is wholly
dependent on their needs and
progress.

5) The most major change
we made is if the families show
a willingness to go along with
us on these rules and the main
rules we left in place: no alco-
hol, drugs or any type of vio-
lence, be in by 10:00 p.m., un-
less working, and a showing
respect for all people within
our community we will allow
them to stay up to three
months so they can pool their
resources to promote their self-
sufficiency.

As an added incentive to
put all they can into this op-
portunity to get on their feet,
we will no longer allow them to
return to stay again, as in the
past.

At first we were all appre-
hensive about not staffing the
house, but it seems to be work-
ing out more and more as we
adjust. I think the greatest
tribute to our changes has been
out long-time friend, staffer
returning to our community,
Norman Searah, right after
Thanksgiving.

So we invite you to come
by, meet with some of our staff
and let us give a short presen-
tation on the current happen-
ings at the Worker.

I would like to briefly ask
for some help with an ongoing
problem we have at one of our
houses we do hospitality in.
Lazarus House has had roof
problems since I came here in
January '91. We have patched
it on several occasions but it
continues to leak. We have
finally come to the conclusion
we need to replace it. It is pro-
bably the original roof for it
has a layer of wood shake shin-
gles on the bottom. We need
to do a complete tear off and
replace it before the leaking
does major damage to the stru-
cture. This roof measures rou-
ghly 25 ft. square and we have
estimated it will cost us \$2,220
dollars for material to replace
it.

We have a group that has
agreed to provide for removal
of the debris from the tear off.
So if you could please help us
meet our goal to buy materials
in any way we would be eter-
nally grateful. Also in May we
are having a fund-raiser for
this purpose. I thank you all
for your generosity.

God bless you. Peace.



From left to right, back row: Lori Smith, Jeff Tedder; front row: Jeff's children Jeffery, Norma, and Sheila.

celebrating the 60th Anniversary of the
Catholic Worker Movement

Mass and Open House ❖ April 30 & May 1

May 1, 1993 marks the 60th anniversary of the Catholic Worker movement. You are invited to
us in celebrating this auspicious occasion!

Friday, April 30, 1993 7:30 pm Mass at Dingman House

Saturday, May 1, 1993 10 am - 4 pm Open House(s)

Featuring: *Portraits of Catholic Workers*, a photographic exhibit by Mary Farrell, a freelance
photographer and worker at the Dan Corcoran CW in Winona, MN. In 1989, she spent a year
visiting Catholic Workers around the country. *Portraits of Catholic Workers* is a collection of
nearly 50 portraits taken by Mary during her travels. Mary has graciously offered to send part
of her exhibit to celebrate the CW's 60th anniversary.



Coming Out of Jail - Some Impressions

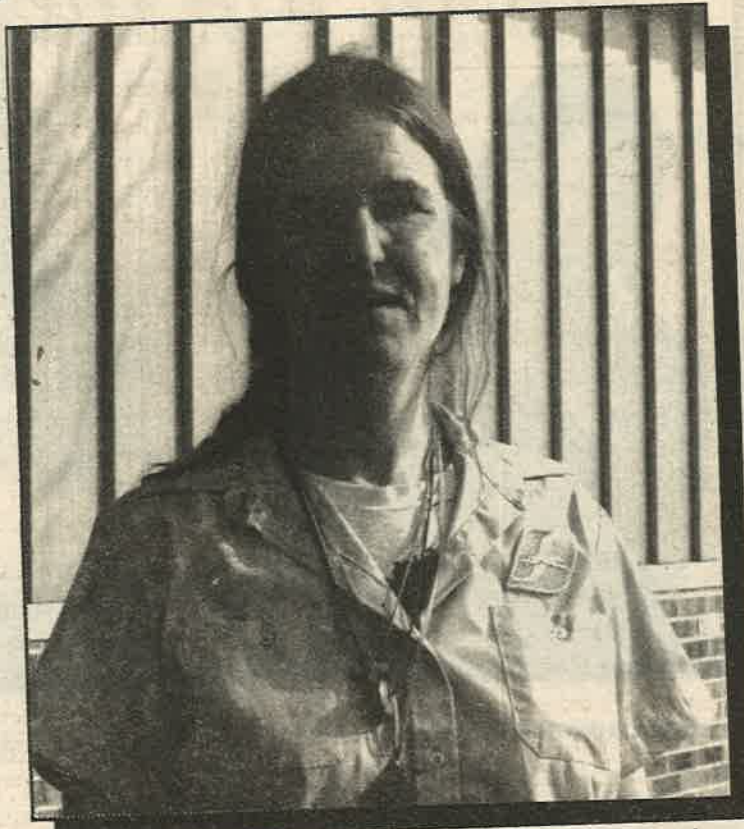
by Wendy Bobbitt

(On March 1, Wendy finished a 90-day sentence on the work-release program at Fort Des Moines. She was jailed for a nonviolent direct action at SAC)

Yesterday the warden shook my hand and wished me well, so I know I'm really on my way out of Ft. Des Moines, and this is my last chance to get something down on paper while this experience of serving 90 days for a SAC witness is fresh in my mind. I was hoping to have something really deep to share, which is why I waited to the bitter end, but since nothing came to me, I will just share a few impressions.

First of all, I did discover that if you are locked up, you really can't get out. This amazing discovery reminded me most of being in Filomena and Roberto's village in Mexico and not being able to get the food I wanted or go somewhere I wanted to go or get water when I wanted it. Of course it is the experience of most of the world's people, but we are rarely privileged to share it.

A friend of mine from El



Wendy at work two days before her release.

Salvador talks about the "life of a king" here in the U.S., and he's not talking about the material things that phrase brings to mind. He is talking about the fact that here he has choices in life. Whereas, having been born into poverty in El Salvador, he would have no exit from life as a peasant except through the military.

To a person from here, the class system of the U.S. and the oppressive poverty suffered by so many people, by so many of the guests at the house, does

not look much like the "life of a king." But I know for me, and I think for a lot of people, the understanding that we do have choices, that we can change our situation, that if something comes up we can take care of it, is so deeply ingrained that it is beyond thought.

I also know that upon leaving here, I am returning to that life where I can do pretty much what I want. I am unable to truly understand what life would be like when you cannot

control even the basics.

I am grateful for this experience which taught me to value the life I have and has given me a glimpse of how life is for so many people in this world. And I have great respect for the other women in here who have been locked up a lot longer, away from their children, who showed me such a deep and patient understanding.

Second, something I noticed here was that a lot of the women have hope and a vision for a better life — they know what they are doing here and are making good use of the time. Coming in with a strong prejudice against structures which cage people, I was really overtaken by the relief a lot of women expressed to me at the chance to make a break from their life on the street. This makes a strong statement, of course, about our society when jail could be the best shot at positive change for a lot of people. But it also speaks strongly about the survival of the spirit, and how powerful hope is when it is released.

In a more personal vein, I was glad I followed my very clear leading to go to jail instead of taking probation even though the whole time I was waiting to go to jail, I couldn't imagine how it could be any-

thing but a disaster given circumstances at the time. I spent a lot of time wondering around for the revelation of a grand design that was going to make this whole thing worthwhile, but it never came. The most part, it just seemed like a normal place. I have been with the same people at the Worker. All in all, it was anti-climactic after the variety of the month's spent waiting to come in.

Last week when I was talking with a friend about how I would be home soon, he said, "God willing, but tomorrow does not belong to us." I was thinking about that, and our true call is to be faithful in the moment, trusting that God knows what He or She is doing.

And I want to say that during my time in jail, God provided for all our needs. People to care for my kids, to help up my house, people who wrote and visited and brought food and every conceivable thing, a boss who turned out to support me instead of hinder me — community, in short. It did remind me of the things which I seem to need to do over and over again — things always turn out to be what I do when I do what I'm supposed to be doing.

New Brethren Voluntary Service workers come to Catholic Worker

Hi, my name is Janice Baker, and I am a new BVSer. Let me start off by telling you a little about myself. I am from a small town on the New Jersey shore. My first two years in college were spent at George Mason University and then I transferred to Stockton State College where I received my B.A.



Janice Baker

in Literature. The year following graduation, I worked at a day-care center. Feeling that there was more to life than college/career, I joined BVS and found myself working for the Clarion Alliance.

At Clarion Alliance I am working on the utility plant that Iowa Power wants to put in use at Pleasant Hill. It is my job to research Clean Coal Technology and make sure it is an environmentally sound way to provide energy.

When I am not at Clarion Alliance, I am at the Catholic Worker House. I find myself becoming more and more involved in the community. The people I live with are wonderful, and I feel myself growing closer to them. Mostly I am looking forward to the upcoming year and what will surely be a great learning experience.

Hi, my name is Liz Richardson, and I'm a new BVS volunteer. I was born and raised in Charlottesville, Virginia, a beautiful area of the U.S. primarily known as the home of Thomas Jefferson. I also attended college in Charlottesville at the University of Virginia. After receiving a B.A. in Anthropology in 1992, the only thing of which I was certain was that the traditional job market did not interest me. A few months after graduation, I found BVS, which I hoped would introduce me to an alternative lifestyle. Thankfully, BVS is everything. I hoped it would be.



Liz Richardson

My volunteer placement is with Clarion Alliance, a peace and justice organization. Currently, I'm organizing a march and rally against the death penalty (March 6th - Call me if you'd like to participate! 282-5851).

I'm also living and working at the Catholic Worker. It's not always easy to adjust to a down-wardly mobile lifestyle, but for me it's a necessary part of my spiritual journey. Everyone here in Des Moines has been extremely supportive, and I'm confident that during the next year I'll learn a lot, not only about peace, justice, and homelessness, but also about myself.

Hi, I'm Jessica Barnhill, another new BVSer here at the Catholic Worker. I'm also working part-time with Nancy and Gary Guthrie at the Iowa Peace Network. I grew up in northern Virginia just outside of Washington D.C. and recently finished school (I hope, think . . .) in Durham, North Carolina.



Jessica

What more can I say? It's cold out here. I'm grateful to be part of the Worker, and I hope spring will come soon. Take care and God bless.

My name is Andrea Loeffelholz. I grew up in East Germany, and I have lived in several places. Recently, I spent time in Dresden, working there in an Ecumenical Information Center. Now I've been in Des Moines for three weeks. It's a lot of fun and a big change for me. So far I like it. Take care.



Andrea

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I want people to know that
finally got a chance to go
ame and made it. After six
ears, I got to spend some time
with my mother, family and
friends. I wish I could have
spent more time with them.
Three weeks wasn't enough
me to make up for the six
ears.
When I went home, I spent
ome time in Boston. There, I
et a couple of Franciscan
others working on the streets
with poor people. Sitting with
re of them, I found myself
enjoying being with them and



From left to right, back row: Luke, Carla, Julius; front row: Jordan, Katie, and Joshua.

Blessed are the children

by Carla Dawson

I am writing this article about all the children in our community. Some people don't know we have eight children in our immediate community and five in our extended community. They range in age from fifteen and a half to two years old.

Jeff's kids are named Jeffrey, age 6; Norma (Sis), age 5; and Sheila (Diggers), age 3 1/2. Wendy's kids are Katie, age 6 and Luke, age 10. My own kids are Julius, age 8; Joshua, age 3 1/2; and Jordan, age 2. Fernando, age 15 1/2; Omar, age 10; and Nora, age 7, are the children of Roberto and Filomena Bojorquez. Rashida, age 15, and Janell,

age 12, are neighborhood kids who have been in our community a very long time.

It is amazing to see how children grow and become their own persons. I am so proud of all of our children. It is not only a joy, but also a blessing that we can, and do, raise them in a community where they live a daily life of the Bible's treasures.

Wendy's daughter, Katie, is living at the Fallon's house, and her son, Luke, lives at my house. This arrangement was set up while Wendy is serving a jail sentence for nonviolent direct action at the SAC base in Omaha. To the Fallon's, it might seem a bit different. But to me, Luke has always been one of my sons. I would like to thank my son, Julius, for show-

ing Luke how nice it is to have a brother. They have shared everything with such a good attitude. Thanks to Jordan and Joshua for showing Luke love in their daily kisses and hugs.

Now that you know our children and their situation, please keep them and all of us in the community in your prayers.



Norman's Whereabouts

by Norman Searah

I'm back, although I haven't had an idea for how long or what the future holds for me. For the first time in my life I'm working on caring a little more for myself. In the past, if someone asked me how I was doing, I would say, "I'm doing okay." In reality I was doing badly and accepting the outcome. Right now I'm dealing with my health; I have high blood pressure due to being overweight and stress. I have some sort of a foot problem which I need to take care of.

Long before I came back to Des Moines, when I was at the Iowa Catholic Worker, where my faith in God was somewhat nourished by some books by Fulton Sheen, I thought about leaving the Church, not as a priest, but as a monk. I have decided on which order because there are so many.

I want people to know that I finally got a chance to go home and made it. After six years, I got to spend some time with my mother, family and friends. I wish I could have spent more time with them. Three weeks wasn't enough time to make up for the six years.

When I went home, I spent some time in Boston. There, I met a couple of Franciscan brothers working on the streets with poor people. Sitting with some of them, I found myself enjoying being with them and

the way they talked about the things they do each day and how important prayer is and about their community of brothers: how they care for each other and others.

In Peoria, there's an order of nuns who are about four to five feet high. They wear white robes with blue trim. They're the same order as Mother Teresa. These nuns run a soup kitchen which helps feed the poor along with doing other things like taking care of children and the elderly. To watch these small nuns you get the feeling that all good things are possible and that there is a true sense of love.

I'm hoping someday to invite one of these sisters to Des Moines to talk about her order and the types of things they do as a way of bringing back Round Table talks. I would someday like to invite Bishop Bullock to have dinner with us and celebrate mass like we used to. We used to have mass at the house every Friday. Now it's once a month.

While I was away from Des Moines, I got in to living on the streets in different towns and cities. Sometimes for one night, then again two nights. It brought back memories of when I used to run away from home and ended up on the city streets and roads of this country we call home. I found it brought back some old religious feelings: that I have to rely on and believe in God, Jesus, and the Bible along with

believing there are good people around. I learned that when a person has no faith or hope, they are lost to themselves and the world. I've learned that no matter how big, rich or powerful we may be, we end up being the same size in the end.

If you look at the world today, you may find that you are nothing more than a tiny drop in a boundless river flowing onward to some vast sea called the future.

On the streets I learned a lot about Jesus, St. Francis, Gandhi, and many other prophets that didn't have a lot of material things, but had a lot in the sense of the things they did. In my learning, I believe that we're not ready for the future.

If we are to exist, we must be willing to change including putting an end to wars and repairing the damage of war. We must get out of choosing leaders for other countries. We must allow the people to choose. We must allow them to pay their national debt without interfering, even if we have investments, companies or real estate in those countries.

I also believe we must put an end to our greed which is also destroying our planet: oil tankers sink; we cut down rain forests; we build nuclear power plants and then try to figure out what to do with the waste.

We tell our children, rich and poor, that we do this so they'll have a better future. Have you ever asked your children how they feel or



Norman Searah

thought about how God feels. (That is if you believe in God.) Whether or not we believe in God, we must take better care of this planet we call home before we destroy ourselves and our future. Who knows, we all may die before Jesus comes back.

I've learned a lot more on the streets and at the Worker: some good and some bad, but always something to think

about. Since I've been back, I've had a lot of people tell me how happy they are to see me back. I've reunited with friends and the church (which I need to visit more). Like I said, I'm dealing with my health, but I'm a little better off than some people, and I thank God and I thank you for your time.



Reflections on the year

by Shel Eller

I'm sitting here in my room, listening to Tracy Chapman, and thinking about the past year. By the time you read this, I'll be back at my home in Portland, Oregon — having completed my year here as a Brethren Volunteer. So, as I start the process of packing and finishing up my work — it's natural for me to reflect on just what this year has meant to me.

It has not always been an easy year. But I'm glad I stuck it out living and working here. I've been involved in the peace and justice movement since I was a small child. My parents are not activists — but they are very concerned with issues. But the area of homelessness had never been one of my top issues.

This year, I've been reminded that the struggles of people who have no homes are connected to all the other struggles for justice — racism, sexism, and the other "isms," the Iraqi victims of the Gulf War, the victims of military death squads in Central and South America, the struggle of inner-

city residents to be taken seriously.

Above all — people need to be treated as people — not numbers, not statistics, not examples — but as individual human beings. Admittedly — I'm not always good at this. But one thing I want to take with me into my peace work (whatever I may do) is to remember that people are individuals, each with a different story. One person may be without a home due to being alcoholic. Another may be without a home due to being laid off at the factory after 10 years. Circumstances are different.

And in treating people as individuals — I can learn to ask what sort of help is appropriate for me to give. If I really want to be an ally in people's struggle for justice, I cannot adopt a benevolent parental attitude and assume that I know what is best for another person's welfare.

OK — I seem to have gotten off on a

fairly philosophical tangent here. It makes sense, since I do seem to have a philosophical streak in me. But I'd also like to give some thought to more tangible, day-to-day things that have been important to me in this past year.

The biggest thing has been watching the kids. When I first got here, I had not realized that I would be so surrounded by children. . . . It's a good thing I really like kids. There are days when I get frustrated with them — but mostly they give me a sense of hope. I'm glad that I'm living in an envi-

ronment where kids from many cultures live close by each other and play together. I have hope that these kids will grow up and remember these experiences — and be able, in their own ways, to help get rid of racism.

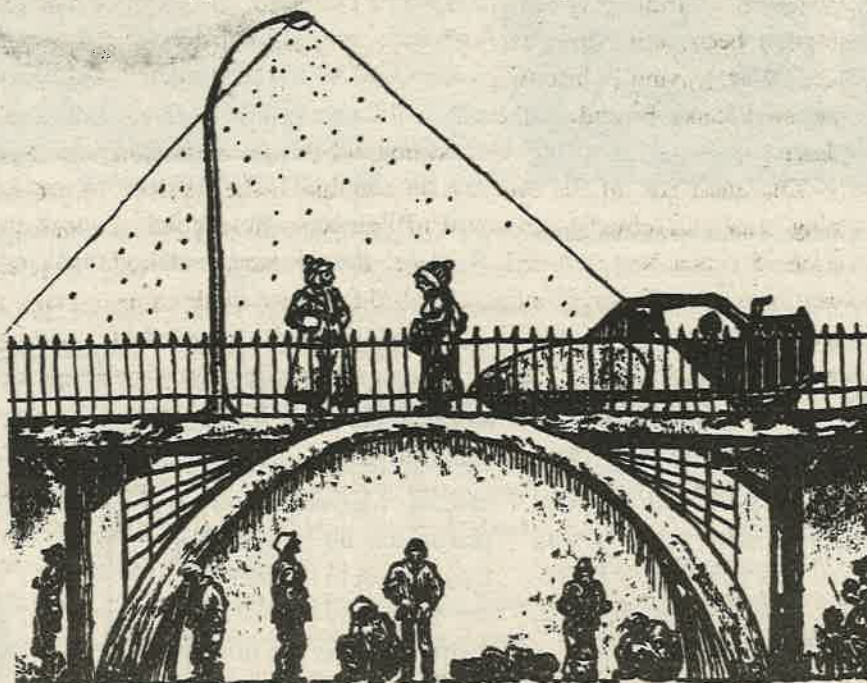
I have hope that these kids will grow up tolerant of diversity of all kinds — having lived around interracial couples, single parents, people with disabilities — whether physical or mental, and all the other people who are involved with our community. Never having been so intensely involved in

the lives of kids, I've really appreciated it. And I've also really enjoyed sitting with kids learning to braid hair by practicing on them, listening to them learn the alphabet, reading them stories, and rocking them to sleep. (I'll especially miss Jeff and Lori's kids — Sheila, Jeffery, and my Siss.)

I'm also hopeful because I've seen this year how many people are concerned with peace and justice issues — even if all they can do is send money or food. There have been days when we got a food donation right when we needed it — or got an offer of something when we needed it. God's spirit of compassion is definitely at work here.

Some of what is meaningful has not always been easy to deal with: learning to confront difficult issues and say what is on my mind, learning to not let people take advantage of me and play mind games, having to watch people suffer the consequences of the choices they make. But growth is not always easy.

As I prepare to go back to my home — I know I'll miss this place and my experience here with me for a long time.



The Resurrection of Catholic Peace Ministry

by Michael McHugh

Catholic Peace Ministry was dealt a potentially fatal blow when the Diocese of Des Moines cut off all support for us in January, 1992. For over 10 years, as long as Bishop Maurice Dingman was alive, Des Moines had a Vatican II church; there was no question that it was committed to peace and social justice at the highest level. Catholic Peace Ministry thrived under the inspired leadership of Dingman and Sr. Gwen Hennessey.

Today, those of us who are interested in justice for Central America, or justice for the poor here in the United States, or reduction of military spending and new budget priorities, are on our own. We can no longer expect institutional support from the Catholic Church.

Sr. Gwen left Des Moines in August, 1992, becoming a student at Maryknoll School of Theology in New York. I came on board in September, and took up the momentous

task of carrying on the Peace Ministry. It is hard to stand on the shoulders of a giant, especially under conditions as unfavorable as these. Even so, Catholic Peace Ministry has a strong core group of supporters — people who are determined to keep it alive.

I worked for a year as a volunteer at the Intercommunity Justice and Peace Center in Cincinnati. I have a Ph.D. in U.S. foreign relations history, so, on paper at least, I am fairly well-qualified for the position. I was very nervous as I took on this job, and there was plenty to be nervous about.

Nevertheless, I have strong reason to believe that I am exactly where God wants me to be, and I intend to do the best I can — with God's help and guidance.

The first tasks I faced were somewhat routine. I found office space with the American Friends Service Committee (\$25 per month), moved our records there from Christ the King Church, bought a phone and a used computer.

We owe a lot to the Quakers, who rescued us when the leaders of our own church turned their backs on us. I want history to take note of that. This ministry would not have survived without the Friends, and I thank God they were here for us.

Once we had a permanent location again, we had to start thinking about what our work would be. What would we do, given our limited funds? I am firmly committed to the struggle for justice and human rights in Central America, as are most of our supporters. Cold War or no Cold War, we are not going to forget about that region.

For that reason, Catholic Peace Ministry will continue to hold memorial services for the martyrs of Central America, including Archbishop Romero, the Jesuits, and the North American church women. We will work together with similar groups, both here in Des Moines and on the national level, and continue our attempts to influence U.S. foreign policy.

In addition, we will do what we can to ensure greater justice and equality here in the U.S. We will press for increased spending on health care, housing, human needs, and education. We will join with other groups in opposing racism and sexism, as well as capital punishment. And our criticism will not stop at the church door.

For example, in May, we will be bringing in Sr. Maureen Fiedler from "Catholics Speak Out," (see announcement on page 2) who will discuss the internal conditions in the Catholic Church. If justice and equality are good for "the world," they are also good for the church.

In the short run, the only

limitation for Catholic Peace Ministry will be our lack of funds. I am quite willing to continue my work at a low or no pay. I am grateful to the Catholic Worker House for allowing me to live there gratis; they are another great supporter of the Peace Ministry.

One of the Catholic Workers even sold me an old car for \$250 when the one I drove broke down. Therefore, whether it is voluntary or not, I am living in poverty and content to remain so. I think that the most important factor here is that the Catholic Peace Ministry continue, and I am willing to make many sacrifices to ensure that it does. And, I will, if that is God's intention.

Please write to me if you have any comments or suggestions about the future of CP. Let me know how I am doing. If you can support us with a donation or with volunteer work, then I thank you in advance.

Our address is:

4211 Grand Ave.
Des Moines, IA 50315
(515) 255-8114.

IF
YOU
WANT
PEACE,
WORK
FOR
JUSTICE
PAUL 6

Champagne for Nuclear Disarmament

by Michael Poergen

This was our slogan when Clarion Alliance celebrated the moratorium on nuclear testing on January 12th. The moratorium was signed into law on October 2, 1992 by President Bush (one of the few good things he did during his term). This was widely unnoticed by the media, so we organized this celebration. Not to support Bush, but to remind us that our hard work had some success after all.

The moratorium is far from perfect. It will only last for nine months, after that the U.S. can conduct five tests a year for three more years, before testing will be stopped completely, if no other country continues testing.

It was quite a party, a crowd of about 50 people came to Chet Guinn's Old Firehouse in Des Moines to drink some champagne and to listen to Father Frank Cordaro and Vivienne-Caron Jake. Frank had just spent another six months in jail for crossing the

line at the Strategic Nuclear Command in Omaha and told us that it's "good to be free!"

He will continue his resistance against SNC, reminding us that the nuclear test ban and the Start treaty is barely more than a beginning. The U.S. will still have a nuclear arsenal second to none and are basically getting rid of the old weapons systems. And it's getting harder to distinguish between the so-called "conventional" and the nuclear weapons. Weapons like the uranium bullets — dense enough to pierce tank armour — have already been used during the Gulf War, leaving radioactive polluted tanks behind in the desert.

The guest star of the evening was undoubtedly Vivienne. She is a Native American from the Kaibab-Paiute nation in northern Arizona. I got her address from *Downwinders* and asked her to come to speak about her experience living downwind from the Nevada test site.

She lost some friends and relatives because of cancer and became seriously ill herself.



Although her doctors thought it was terminal, she survived. While she was still very sick, a chemical company offered \$50,000 for every single member of her tribe if the tribal council would allow the company to build a toxic waste dump on their land. She decided to stand up and fight these plans on her own, not knowing if she would live long enough.

She was successful in her fight against the company and the tribal council and since then she is devoting her time to revive the traditional ways of her people.

I had two interviews lined up for Vivienne on the next day, one on Jan Michaelson's radio show on WHO and one on TV 8 with Marie Brubaker. I was warned about Jan Michaelson. But it was worse. He just tried to sell his show by ridiculing Vivienne and didn't care at all what she wanted to say.

Mary Brubaker's interview was much better, but because the U.S. started to bomb Iraq again right during the show, we had only two minutes instead of six. At least Frank and Vivienne had a chance to comment on the bombing right after it started.

I'm going home! Goodbye everybody!

Organizing the "Champagne for Nuclear Disarmament" for Clarion Alliance was my last "blaze of glory," before I leave. I might be gone already, when you get this newsletter. The ticket is in my pocket and I'll be "leaving on a jet plane" on the 25th of February. It is no return ticket, but that doesn't mean that I will not come back.

idea is to build an alternative infrastructure, becoming more and more independent from bureaucracy and jobs. We don't want so much to preach a different lifestyle, but live it and make it attractive to other people. (Anarchy can't be that bad if your anarchistic neighbours are nice people.) And being independent gives us more strength for our resistance in the future. At least that is the idea behind it. — (We don't claim this to be our idea, it is a pretty old strategy, that came back to life in Germany under the name "project A" and there are already networks like this in some smaller towns. Like the Catholic Worker movement, it is an organization, not an organization. It is a very young movement, it started about 10 years ago. One idea of having Frank come to Germany is to establish some personal contacts between the Catholic Worker and the project A.) — It will take us a while. I think, this will keep me busy for the next couple of years. Becoming an international convention house, we are of course interested in all kinds of international contact. So if anyone of you happens to travel in Germany, come and check us out. (You might want to write or to call first.)

And you can use the same address if you want to write me.

(This is the planned education and convention house)
- Bildungs- und Begegnungshaus
Deinsdorf 2
W - 8561 Weigendorf
GERMANY

(And this is our "peace office" in Nuernberg, from where I will probably organize Frank's tour)
- F.B.F.
Hessestrasse 4
W - 8500 Nuernberg 70
GERMANY

As soon as I'm settled down in Germany and have enough money, I will come and see how the Workers are doing. (That will take a while, especially the money part, so be patient!)

One of my first tasks when I'm home will be to organize a tour through Germany for Frank. I'm pretty sure there are a few (maybe a lot?) people who would be interested in his ideas of a resistance church. Right now I'm translating the propaganda material he gave me about himself and am making the first contacts in Germany. I hope I can organize enough funds and get enough events lined up by fall this year for a three week road trip. Frank will be able to tell you more about it as soon as I get some details worked out.

What am I going to do besides being Frank's travel agent? A couple of close friends of mine are waiting for me to join their community. The project of this community is to turn an old farm building (a historical landmark, some hundred years old) into an international "convention center" for nonviolent research and training, working closely together with a network of other projects (an organic farm nearby, a healthfood store in the city, a carpenter, etc). The



Death Penalty Update

by Liz Richardson

The death penalty is an issue that has come to the forefront this legislative term. There is a grave danger that capital punishment will soon be a legal option in Iowa.

In 1991, the Iowa Catholic Conference released a statement reaffirming their stand (and the U.S. Conference stand) against the death penalty. The Bishops' make clear that they are committed to a "consistent ethic of life," stressing the sacredness of life "from conception through natural death." They remind us of "the crucified Christ who set us the supreme example of forgiveness and the triumph of compassionate love."

The Catholic Worker opposes the death penalty and hopes that you will act to send the message to the Capital that Iowa should not be killing its own citizens. We urge you to call and/or write your legislators, to write letters to your newspapers, and to simply discuss the issue with others.

We especially ask you to contact those legislators who will be swing voters on the issue. Those legislators include the following: Ralph Klemme (LeMars), Keith Weigel (New Hampton), Lee Plasier (Sioux Center), Norman Mundie (Ft. Dodge), Joe Ertl (Dyersville), Mona Martin (Davenport), Dennis Renaud (Altoona), Bob Rafferty (Davenport), and Mary Lundby (Marion). If you would like to be more involved in action against the death penalty, write or call:

Iowans Against the Death Penalty
P.O. Box 70033
Des Moines, IA 50311
(515) 284-5047

or contact Liz Richardson at:
Clarion Alliance
(515) 282-5851.

I Cross the Line

by Rev. Dave Polich

(Fr. Dave is a long-time friend and extended community member of the DMCW. He is currently serving one year on federal probation for nonviolent direct action at SAC. The following excerpts are from a letter Fr. Dave wrote to the U.S. Probation office.)

On Mother's Day, May 10, 1992, I participated in an action of civil disobedience at the Offutt AFB, Bellevue, NE, the site of the (then) Strategic Air Command Headquarters. I trespassed on base property in protest of our deployment of nuclear arms and our readiness to use them if deemed appropriate by our government and military leaders. Such policy is without

adequate moral justification and is so seriously evil that it must be resisted.

May 10 was designated the date for the "Bishop Maurice Dingman Memorial Line Crossing." Bishop Dingman, formerly bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Des Moines, died the previous February. He was a constant and consistent spokesman for human life and dignity and against nuclear arms. He decried the arms race as theft from the needy of the world.

Prior to the stroke which ultimately led to his death, Bishop Dingman was preparing to engage with fellow bishops in some action of civil disobedience in protest of our nuclear arms policies. Since he was unable to fulfill this desire, the action on Mothers' Day — a day which has a long tradi-

tion of women acting in the cause of justice — was dedicated to him.

That afternoon, a mass was celebrated in Glenwood, Iowa, by several dozen people and retired Bishop Charles Buswell of Pueblo, Colorado. Following the mass, most of us travelled to Offutt AFB, where Bishop Buswell led approximately 25 of us across the line designated by base authorities as the point beyond which we could not go without violating federal law.

In groups of eight or so, we peacefully walked a few feet across the line and were escorted to busses which took us into the base. There we were photographed, fingerprinted or I.D.ed, given a "ban and bar" letter, and released.

My reasons for participating in this activity go to the

core of my being and the depths of my most basic beliefs. I was raised as a Roman Catholic in a religious home. My grandparents were immigrants from Croatia and Bohemia. My father mined coal in central Iowa before World War II. He served in the army during the war, and he worked in factories in Des Moines from that time until his retirement. My mother grew up in a farm family in northwest Iowa.

I spent the first 15 years of my life in a part of Des Moines now known as the near north side. It was a racially mixed working class neighborhood. My dad, who died on August 21, was a fiercely loyal union man with a sense of fairness and justice.

From my youth, I also had a great respect for and deference to all authority and law. I was a serious-minded, religious, well-behaved child and teen-ager. The idea of questioning or challenging anyone in authority or any law was probably never considered. However, even in grade school I was taught that we had an obligation to God to disobey any command or law which contradicted the law of God.

I entered college and the seminary in 1968. I remember feeling somewhat guilty that I was safe from the draft. I even considered whether I should join the service, but decided that my place was in school in preparation for the priesthood. By 1970, any guilt feelings I had went in the opposite direction. I had a deferment and so did not have to decide whether to go to Canada or to jail — for I knew that what we were doing in Vietnam was mindless and wrong.

This is not the place to fight Vietnam all over again. It was the primary occasion, though, of my realization that morally and religiously I could not accept without question every edict and judgment which came from on high. Leaders and laws are fallible. They are vitally necessary for direction and order, but they are not God. There is only one Ultimate Authority. There are times when authority must be questioned and even disobeyed. Such steps are serious ones, but they are necessary if we are to hold to any Christian or humanitarian convictions.

I have never claimed to be a pacifist, although someday I may decide that I am. My judgment of most of the armed

conflicts which the United States has engaged in during my life-time is that they are without moral justification by most standards. Generally, they are not put under the microscope of any moral standard.

May 10 was about nuclear armaments. It was about the capacity to destroy the world and every living person on it. It was about the willingness to destroy non-combatants, even infants. It was about the willingness to pollute the entire planet for generations for the sake of "defense." It was about the Russian Roulette we have played with the Bomb at the time of Korea, the Cuban missile crisis, Vietnam, and only God knows how many other times. It was about the expenditure of billions of dollars in the pursuit of security and little in the pursuit of true peace. It was about theft from the hungry and homeless and poor. It was about a national arrogance which places our interests above those of anyone else. It was about immorality of an ultimate and final degree.

There is no way that I can any longer in my wildest imagination envision Jesus Christ condoning such a posture. There is no way that the famed "just war" theology of St. Augustine could justify the use of a nuclear weapon, for the harm would most certainly outweigh the good achieved — whatever that might be.

Every pope since John XXIII has spoken against the use and the very existence of nuclear weapons. The Catholic Bishops of our country have decried the arms race and our nuclear policy. The leaders of other religious denominations have done the same. The weight of theologians, philosophers, ethicists, humanists, and good holy people of all stripes against what we have been about and what we continue to remain in readiness for at immense expense.

Those are, in brief, my reasons for my opposition to what Offutt Air Force Base is all about. Because of these reasons, I write letters to legislators and publications, I preach the Gospel as it relates to the issue, I vote, I pray — and I see no appreciable change in our nation's mentality. So I take another step, for the sake of advancing a cause and for the sake of my own integrity and my own soul.

I cross the line.

Feast of the Holy Innocents

Dec 28, 1992 Witness at SNC



Dec. 28, 1992 line crossers: (from left to right) Mark Kenney, Kathy Woodward, Rev. Jonathan Chadwick, Bill Farmer and Doris Chandler

Twenty people gathered outside the main gate of the Strategic Nuclear Command last Dec. 28th for the 14th annual Feast of the Holy Innocents witness at Offutt AFB in Bellevue NE. After singing Christmas carols and saying some prayers, the following statement was read.

After the statement was read, five people crossed the property line. The five line-crossers were detained by base security, processed and given 'ban-and-bar' letters. Three were repeat offenders. There has been no word so far from the Omaha Federal District Attorney's Office about prosecution.

Joint Statement from the 14th Annual Feast of the Holy Innocents Witness and Line Crossing at Offutt AFB

In Operation Desert Storm the United States killed more than 125,000 non-combatants while losing 135 soldiers. This is a military to civilian kill ratio of nearly 1000 to 1, already among the most effective massacres of children in human history, and children continue to die today in Iraq from the effects of that war.

And it is the weapons under the Strategic Nuclear Command — Strat Com HDQRTS and Offutt AFB which has allowed the United States to do this with impunity and without today's Gospel:

*"A cry was heard at Ramah,
sobbing and loud lamentation:
Rachel bewailing her children;
No comfort for her, since they are no more."
Matthew 2:17-18*

They Might Be Elves

by Mark Rogness

(Mark is a former community member now living and working with people with disabilities in Mobile, AL.)

Nuclear Holocaust, omniscide, the end of the world as we know it, is a multi-faceted concept (paralytic analytic). I wouldn't want to sound frivolous, but I attempt to tie in vacations and recreational opportunities with resisting nuclear weapons. Count me out of the social revolution if I can't drive to it.

Typical of us gas guzzling Americans, I like to get in an auto or bus and go somewhere now and then. The North Dakota prairies with its two nuclear missile fields, The Whiteman Air Force Base in Missouri (losing a missile field but gaining the "Stealth" bomber), the Strategic Nuclear Command headquarters at the Offutt Air Force Base (near Omaha); all are pleasant road trips.

Someday I might experience the desert southwest and visit the Nevada nuclear test site. But my personal favorite spot is the Extremely Low Frequency naval transmitter base near Clam Lake, Wisconsin in the scenic Chequamegon National Forest.

The linchpin of the United States nuclear war apparatus is the Trident submarine system and its associated missiles and warheads. United States' empire (and British) Trident subs can remain submerged for months at a time, totally isolated and basically undetectable.

The only way to communicate with submarines submerged below 150 yards of water is via Extremely Low Frequency (ELF) radio waves. The only ELF transmitters are one each in northern Wisconsin and northern Michigan. The two ELF transmitters each consist of miles of copper cable strung on poles like regular high-tension lines.

The Clam Lake, WI transmitter is a cross of fourteen miles; a cross which could crucify humanity. Millions of watts of electricity is pumped into this system which emits a form of radio waves with a wavelength of nearly 2,500 miles. This torpid, languid radiation has a frequency of around 70 cycles per second (60 Hz). That is extremely low

— so sluggish that it is only good for one message. A change in wavelength signals all Trident and nuclear attack submarines to approach the surface and receive further instruction as to who is to receive the United States' nuclear wrath. It is the bell ringer for a nuclear first strike. The system has no other function.

Opposition and protest to the Trident nuclear warfare system go beyond mere opposition to the insanity of nuclear war. The earth is sullied when radioactive ores are mined, concentrated, and the waste flung hither and yon. Each Trident sub costs nearly two billion dollars, all 15 with three more to be commissioned — a theft from the poor of the U.S. and the world. Oh yes, missiles and warheads are extra.

The oceans are at risk (and so is the ecosystem) of plutonium entering the food chain from sunken nuclear submarines. All of these reasons are sufficient to oppose all portions of the Trident death system. And the lingering question about ELF is, extra leukemia facilities?

In 1984 United States district judge Barbara Crabb ruled in the case of the State of Wisconsin vs. Caspar Weinberger that the Navy had paid insufficient attention to ELF's possible health effects to humans, instituted a stop work order, and mandated an expansion of the environmental impact statement to include possible health risks to humans. Not surprisingly the federal appeals court overruled Judge Crabb on national security reasons, yes, the Soviet threat. More about that later.

More and more studies (many of them Swedish) are finally seeing the light of day detailing health risks from exposure to the magnetic fields associated with electromagnetic radiation and from the magnetic fields associated with high voltage electrical transmission wires. Lowered fertility rates and milk production in cows; and nervous disorders and higher cancer rates — especially childhood leukemia — in humans appear to be linked to living near high voltage electrical transmission lines.

The alternating current (a.c.) of our electrical system is at a frequency of 60 cycles per second, 60 Hz. Electricity is not the same as electromagnetic radiation, it is almost too ap-

pealing to paint with too broad a brush, but one thing is true. We do not need to experiment on the children and the ecosystem of northern Wisconsin and Michigan. ELF has no purpose that involves life, and the switch should be pulled.

The changeover from Republican to Democrat has no real inherent change in any U.S. Government policies for "national security," for the military, intervention in the Third World, or the Trident nuclear warfare system. In fact, President Clinton and war secretary Aspin are firmly committed to the planned Sea Wolf attack class and Centurion ballistic missile class nuclear submarines. These proposed astronomically expensive systems will also require an ELF transmitting system. Even "Mr. Fiscal Conservative" Sen. Charles Grassley, after four letters from me, does not have an opinion about ELF. No opinion, further study, means no change.

Resistance to ELF started when northern Wisconsin and Michigan were chosen for the sites. Civil disobedience started the moment survey flags were put into the ground only to be removed soon afterwards. Organized civil disobedience occurs four times a year in northern Wisconsin with tickets being issued for trespass by Ashland County deputy sheriffs.

Wisconsin residents run a strong risk of losing their driver's license if they refuse to pay the \$153 fine within 60 days of being found guilty. Repeat offenders have been incarcerated for six days in the Ashland County jail in lieu of the fine. However Judge Chase of Ashland has threatened to increase that to six months for repeat offenders. It is presently going through the appeal process. Over 60 resisters have been given the six-month threat of jail if they refuse to pay.

Civil disobedience is nothing to enter into lightly. People

lose their limbs and their lives abroad and here. Although first time line-crossers at ELF from outside the state of Wisconsin are at low risk of prosecution; that can always change. The federal government can always start indicting for trespass instead; and that would entail appearing in Madison, Wisconsin with a risk of being found guilty and serving the maximum sentence of six months. Prosecution for trespass at the northern Michigan facility has been in the federal court system with relatively harsh sentences.

But, if the spirit should move you, contact the addresses below, load up the bicycle, car or van and take in scenic northern Wisconsin. A three-day event of camping, talking, and resistance is planned for around Mother's Day, May 9th 1993. And remember, witness and support of actions is just as important as risking arrest. We are all in this together.

WHAT WE CAN'T
DO ALONE
WE CAN DO
TOGETHER



A Personal Journey From Catholic Worker to Nonviolent Resistance

by Fr. Frank Cordaro

(The following is an edited version of an article submitted by Frank for publication in the New York Catholic Worker paper. Carmen Trotta, former DMCW member, now at the New York Catholic Worker, requested that Frank write on this topic.)

I remember well my first encounter with the Catholic Worker movement. It was between my second and third year of Major Seminary. The year previous, 1974, I spent a summer in NYC at St. Augustines, a Black and Puerto Rican parish in the South Bronx. That experience 'opened my eyes' to the personal cost

of social, economic and racial injustice. It helped enmesh what I had already suspected while I was in college during the Vietnam War and the Watergate scandal: that much of what I was taught about the USA and our economic and governmental institutions was a lie.

I left the So. Bronx, knowing my life would never be the same again. I returned to Seminary yearning for a place and a tradition in which a white, middleclass, educated Catholic from Iowa could stand with a modicum of integrity while following the simple, yet hard demands of the Gospel. Then I read William Miller's book, *A Harsh and Dreadful Love*, a history of the Catholic Worker movement. After reading Mill-

er's book, I knew I had found what I was looking for, and I wanted to experience the Catholic Worker movement firsthand. The closest Catholic Worker at the time was in Davenport, Iowa. I arranged to spend the summer of 1975 there.

That summer, under the tutelage of Margaret Quigley, I found a spiritual home. Through the simple discipline and direct practice of the Works of Mercy, I discovered a place to stand and a tradition to embrace which afforded me the measure of Gospel integrity I so eagerly sought. I left Davenport grateful for having finally found a supportive 'space' in which to critically assess and respond to the social ills of our society.

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Contact

Nukewatch
P.O. Box 2658
Madison, WI 53701
(608) 767-3623

Anathoth Community
Farm
740 Round Lake Rd.
Luck, WI 54853
(715) 472-8721

Letter From the Holy Land

by Emily Sims

(Marie and Barry Maloy, extended community members, received the following letter describing Ms. Sims work in Israel.)

I am now settling into my work in Israel. I live in upper Galilee, in a village called Rama. About 6,000 people live here. It is very hilly, and I am reminded daily of how out of shape I am. Because the living conditions are so poor here, I must get immunization shots periodically for hepatitis, cholera, and typhoid.

I live adjacent to a large Jewish settlement. What a contrast. My village looks like something out of rural Africa, while the Jewish settlement looks like a transplant from San Diego — large homes, the best roads, sewer systems, power lines, playgrounds for the children, etc.

The Arab Israelis pay property and income tax, while residents of the Jewish settlements are largely exempt from paying local taxes, plus they are given subsidies and interest-free loans from the government (loans which often end up being forgiven).

The legal system which promotes this dramatic disparity is quite clever. By law, the Israeli government is not required to provide services and infrastructure to local governments. The government is only required to maintain existing services. It's up to the local government to come up with the initial cash to build roads, install power and telephone lines, build schools and hospitals, etc.

Fair enough, except for three points. Zionist organizations pour literally billions of dollars into the infrastructures of Jewish communities, so the residents there have not scraped up money on their own.

Second, the government, by law, can donate billions of dollars to a private organization called the Jewish National Fund (JNF), which, as a non-governmental organization, can legally discriminate in allocating funding to communities. And as an organization established explicitly for Zionist purposes and charged with relocating immigrating Jews, it cannot give any money to Israeli Arab communities, although it would never want to

anyway.

As if that weren't bad enough, the zoning laws are very strict and tedious. For instance, the members of my village decided to pool their own money to build a sewage system in the village, because so many young children were getting hepatitis. They hired an experienced engineer to draw up the plans, and had to go to no less than *ninety* different development authorities to get approval from each one to build their sewer system. Each of the ninety bureaucrats has veto power, with little chance for appeal. So the community had to submit their plan approximately 15 times over the course of 10 years to gain approval.

In the end, they got the go-ahead; but half-way through the laying of pipes, the government revoked its approval. To date, the system is still not finished.

The same scenario holds true for any home improvements one wishes to make (even when the roof is literally caving in), roads communities wish to lay at their own expense, etc. The aim is clearly to make life unbearable and drive Arabs out of Israel.

Worse, the government has historically deported Arabs as "security threats" or confiscated their land, either without compensation or with minimal cash compensation but without the right to buy substitute lands on which to support themselves. (The Israeli Government's stated goal is to own all the land in Israel, leasing out parcels for use. It has largely succeeded.)

Arab Israelis are not allowed to live anywhere they might be able to afford. No matter how rich a person might be, he has to live where the government tells him. Arabs are not allowed into Jewish settlements and Jewish cities.

There are some "integrated cities" which means that there are Arab ghettos in predominantly Jewish cities. But the Arabs there are not allowed to live in any part of the city. And concentrations of Arabs over about 10,000 people are broken up by the government (confiscating land, physically relocating or deporting Israeli Arabs, Jewish settlements are built to fragment the Arab population, etc.) in order to prevent large-scale political

organizing by the Arabs, because social and political organizations are legal only at the local level.

Arabs are also shut out, for the most part, from employment and education opportunities. For instance, one of the doctors here was rejected from Hebrew University Medical School and went on to graduate with honors from Harvard Medical School. His daughter also was rejected from Hebrew University and went on to graduate with honors from Harvard.

Another example: the current boxing champion of the world (welter weight, I think) is an Arab Israeli who was not permitted to be on the Israeli Olympic team. Arab employees also, by law, are paid 40-60% less than their Jewish counterparts.

It is shocking to me that a government would discriminate against a sizable minority group. But what is amazing is that the Jerusalem Post is always full of stories about how the Jews are being discriminated against in other countries. You would think that a group so attuned to injustices against itself would not act so outrageously against another minority.

These Arabs in Israel do not pose a threat to the Jews in Israel; they signed an allegiance form in 1948, and have for the most part been (bizarrely) passive about the injustices done to them.

Only recently have they become so fed up as to try to organize into a coherent political unit, and to bring legal cases before international and Israeli tribunals to draw attention to their second class status and persuade foreign aid donors to require that Israel spend a proportionate share of aid on development of the Arab communities (15% of the total population of Israel). This is my job.

The first part of my job entails scouting out litigation prospects in international legal fora, such as the International Water Tribunal and the World Court. I also write memoranda for the UN sub-committees which deal with civil rights and human rights issues. Additionally, I write articles for various magazines and journals which are aimed at lobbying the European Parliament.

The Galilee Society is also



the Secretariat for an international working group formed around the WHO stated goal of "health for all by the year 2000." The group is comprised of various indigenous populations in industrialized nations; about 15 countries are represented. Next year is the UN year of the indigenous peoples, so we are organizing and strategizing. This is what the Geneva office of the Galilee Society mainly does.

I am also a spokesperson for the organization at local and international meetings and gatherings, such as a UN meeting tomorrow in Jerusalem.

So far, I like my job very much. My time is divided between my three different functions, so it is not monotonous (at least not yet). What I like most, though, is the fact that my job combines my interest in law with my interest in anthropology quite nicely. (You can tell I work with British people, I say "quite nicely" and "lovely" too often.) My only problem is that I meet a lot of people who I am supposed to "network" with; but more often than not, I cannot pronounce, let alone remember, their names. And learning to speak Arabic, oh my! It will take me years. Fortunately, American economic and cultural imperialism has made English the working language for international groups.

I'm sure you read about an IDF soldier being killed by Hamas members. It's created a lot of logistical problems for me, as well as for the Arab Israeli citizens. Hamas is the militant wing of the Islamic fundamentalist group, which most Palestinians, especially Arab Israelis, condemn.

Ironically, most of Hamas' weapons come from the Israeli government. The Defense Ministry saw Hamas, in its early stages, as a means of fracturing support among Palestinians, thereby weakening them. (Hamas vehemently condemns the PLO as a bunch of pansy sell-outs.)

But Hamas has grown out of control, and because it is decentralized and sporadic in its attacks, IDF spies cannot infiltrate it. It's the same with the IDF support and arming of Palestinian drug dealers; they can no longer control them either.

The killing of the soldier has sparked anti-Arab fervor in the Knesset talks. Foreigners identified as sympathetic to the Arab-Israeli cause have been harassed. My working visa was revoked, so I must leave the country every three months, for a least a week. Oh well, mandatory vacations! But I also get questioned a lot, and called a lot.

I don't work much in the territories, so it's not a life-threatening situation, only inconvenient. Unfortunately, I don't think it will die down soon, and I'm afraid the government may not let me back in when I leave.

Of course, Israel's "compromise" solution of allowing 100 of the deportees back aggravated the situation even more. But I don't expect that the Security Council will do anything to push Israel into allowing all the deportees back.

One of my assignments has been to draft an intervention which the Geneva office of WILPF presented during the 49th session of the Human Rights Commission.

New Heaven, New Earth

Practical Essays on the Catholic Worker Program

Hot off the presses, *New Heaven, New Earth* is a 92-page primer on the philosophy and foundations of the Catholic Worker Movement. The author of this book is Richard Cleaver, a former Des Moines Catholic Worker Community member. Published by Rose Hill Books, *New Heaven, New Earth* is edited by Beth Preheim and Michael Sprong.

The essays which make up this book were originally published in 1981-82 as a five part series in *via pacis* entitled "Catholic Worker Positions Explained." Ten years later, at the request of friends, Richard has revisited the 1981-82 essays, updating and adding to the texts to bring them in line with events of the intervening years.

As with the original essays, Richard breaks new ground and takes on some

heretofore "taboo" issues within the CW movement. Perhaps the greatest service rendered by Richard in his writings is a clearly reasoned and strong endorsement of the Catholic Workers call for unconditional love, personalism and strict adherence to nonviolence.

Just in time for the 60th anniversary of the founding of the Catholic Worker, *New Heaven, New Earth* is a must read for anyone interested or integrally involved in the "spectacle unto the world" that is the Catholic Worker movement.

Order your copy (and one for a friend) today. All proceeds from sales go to publishing further copies of the book and to assisting progressive and service organizations in the Midwest with graphic design and information services.

New Heaven, New Earth

Practical Essays on the Catholic Worker Program



by Richard G. Cleaver

Forward by Lana Jacobs

Edited by Beth Preheim
and Michael Sprong

Available for \$5.95 (plus \$1.25 postage)
from Rose Hill Books, Rt.2 Box 54A,
Marion, SD 57043

A Personal Journey continued from page 9

What makes the Catholic Worker authentic is that it is not based on my abstraction of high-sounding theories. Its truths are based on the simple, yet very personal task of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and giving shelter to the homeless. What for many Christians seems most impractical and impossible in the Beatitudes and the Sermon on the Mount were everyday challenges at the Davenport Catholic Worker hospitality house.



After my time in Davenport, my status soon changed. I returned to the Seminary and fell in love that Fall. I dropped out of the Seminary the following spring. With the full blessing of my Bishop, Maurice Dingman, I helped start the Des Moines Catholic Worker. We officially opened our doors on Aug. 23rd, 1976. I settled in for a life of voluntary poverty and direct ministry to the poor.

It wasn't long before my daily life with the homeless of Des Moines led me to make the direct connection between the plight of the poor and the socioeconomic structures and political institutions that helped create and sustain poverty. Nowhere was this more evident than in the wasteful expenditures of massive, valuable resources on the military. I began to look for a way to express this insight in the same manner I was discovering it: as a Catholic Worker personalist.

In the summer of 1977 I attend a seminar in Washington, DC hosted by Jonah House of Baltimore to study

the history of non-violent resistance and to explore the dimensions of the Nuclear Arms Race in light of the Gospels.

The session I attended ended with a witness at the Pentagon on Aug. 9th, the anniversary of the 1945 dropping of the atomic bomb on Nagasaki, Japan. It was my first act of civil disobedience. I was one of five people who threw blood on the Pentagon pillars. It was one of the most powerful and profound liturgies I had ever participated in.

We were arrested immediately, taken to jail and held for 10 days before going to trial. At trial I plead for the people of Iowa, especially the poor with whom I lived and worked and who were suffering directly because of our nation's obsession with nuclear weapons. I was given a 30-day sentence and sent back to jail.

I returned to Iowa emboldened and renewed. My spiritual journey that started in the South Bronx had come full circle. The same Catholic Worker principle of personalism that led me to a life of direct service to the poor also led me to participate in my first nonviolent direct action. Like "two sides of the same coin," direct service to the poor and direct nonviolent resistance were part of the same radical call to follow Jesus.

I certainly wasn't breaking any new ground as far as Catholic Workers are concerned. The prophetic energy of speaking the truth to the "powers that be," up to and including civil disobedience, has long been part of the Catholic Worker

tradition. Perhaps the most famous Catholic Worker-led civil disobedience campaign took place during the 1950s when the N.Y. Catholic Worker community led yearly protests of the annual city-wide nuclear air-raid drills. It was a simple, yet illegal act meant to bring home the point that there is no hiding from a nuclear bomb. By 1959, over 3,000 people joined the Catholic Workers in this annual protest.



Carrying on this fine tradition, I spent the next six years at the Des Moines Catholic Worker following this two track mode of existence: service and direct action. I was arrested many, many times for a wide range of issues and



spent a total of 10 months in jails and prisons.

In Feb. of 1985 Bishop Dingman hosted the first "Faith & Resistance" retreat in Glenwood, Iowa. Over 600 people attended a retreat that ended with a "line-crossing" at the Strategic Air Command Headquarters. Two hundred and fifty six people crossed the property line that day at SAC. The retreat was a watershed experience for many of us in the faith-based peace and justice movements in the Midwest. The need for direct non-

violent resistance to our nation's military madness was becoming more and more a necessity of faith for some of us.

At the time of the Glenwood retreat, I was back in the Seminary. I had fallen out of love (it happens...), left the Des Moines Worker and re-entered the ordination process. Bishop Dingman sent me to St. John's Seminary in Collegeville, Minnesota to see if I could "co-exist with the institutional church," as he put it.

I did two years time at St. John's. While there, I raised what "holy heck" I could, leading student protests of ROTC on campus, organizing student road trips to Washington D.C. during spring break to work with the homeless at the Community for Creative Nonviolence, and joining the folks at Jonah House at their annual Good Friday presence at the Pentagon. I was arrested at Honeywell Headquarters in Minneapolis a couple of times and at a farm foreclosure in Marshall, Minnesota. In short, I was a "thorn in the side" of the established order at St. John's.

Yet to the surprise of many, myself included, Bishop Dingman ordained me to the priesthood in June of 1985. I was assigned as pastor of two small rural parishes: St. Anne's parish in Logan and Holy Family parish in Mondamin.

While at St. Anne's and Holy Family, I attempted to develop a priestly ministry that incorporated the traditional parish duties with an active resistance lifestyle. During the seven years of my tenure at

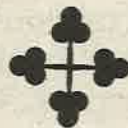
Harrison County, I was arrested over 15 times protesting a wide range of issues including the nuclear arms race, U.S. policies in Central America, farm foreclosures and abortion. During this time, I did total of three six-month prison sentences for "crossing the line" at SAC Headquarters.



After being cut loose from jail last November, I was re-assigned to St. Patrick's parish in Council Bluffs, Iowa as an associate. I'm working with a great pastor and a warm and welcoming parish community.

Nine years out of the Des Moines Catholic Worker, my life continues to be directed and formed by my Catholic Worker experiences.

Sometimes people ask if acts of nonviolent resistance are in keeping with the Catholic Worker tradition. I certainly think so. Perhaps the best endorsement for acts of direct nonviolent resistance is found in the Gospels. When the time came, Jesus took on the "powers that be" in his national capital, Jerusalem, with a powerful act of nonviolent resistance; certainly the temple cleansing was a "plowshares action" of sorts. Jesus' powerful direct action at the temple is recorded in all four Gospels. If Jesus found it necessary to do direct nonviolent resistance, shouldn't we?



Needs List

MONEY! (property taxes are due)

FOOD: fruit, veggies (fresh and canned), tomatoe products, whole wheat flour, potatos, beans, meat

HOUSEHOLD: Murphy's Oil Soap, bleach, dish and laundry soap, light bulbs, garbage bags, tampons

VOLUNTEERS: to cook and serve supper at the house, electricians, carpenters, plummers for house projects. contact us at (515)243-0765

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